

Vail



Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

OCTOBER
1969

LITTLE TIGER
JOE"

By HIMSELF

小老虎本人

小老虎約





DEATH has taken another CBI leader, Lt. Gen. George E. Stratemeyer (above), former commander of the U.S. Air Force in the Far East. The CBI general, a longtime subscriber to Ex-CBI Roundup, died August 9 in Winter Park, Fla., at the age of 78.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 24, Vol. 8

October, 1969

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer Editor

SECOND CLASS postage paid at Laurens, Iowa.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE

\$4.00 per Year Foreign \$5.00 per Year
\$7.50 Two Years \$9.00 Two Years

Please Report Change of Address Immediately!

Direct All Correspondence to

Ex-CBI Roundup

Telephone (712) 845-4541

P. O. Box 125

Laurens, Iowa 50554

Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **CBI Reunions** keep getting better and better! If this continues, year after year, just think how they'll be in the 80s and 90s!

● **This month's cover** shows "Little Tiger Joe," Chinese refugee boy adopted by one of the units of the 14th Air Force, framed by an ancient Chinese doorway. Perhaps this U.S. Air Force photo will inspire someone to write the story of Little Tiger Joe for publication in Ex-CBI Roundup.

● **Calcutta** was a crumbling city in World War II days; now it seems to be deteriorating even more. We quote from The Statesman: "Calcutta used to be called the city of palaces. Now it is a bobtail ragamuffin conglomeration of stately monstrosities, slabs of skyscrapers, rabbit-warren mansions and old crumbling houses. There is no town planning, or too much of it on paper alone, no system. Landlords take no pride in their possessions nor do they keep them in a condition worthy of pride. Everywhere one sees peeling plaster and patchy paint."

● **We need your help!** "Letters to the Editor" haven't been coming in too fast, during the summer months (too many people on vacation), and we'll be needing more for next issue. We invite you, therefore, to sit down and write us a letter for publication.

OCTOBER, 1969



Cooking in India

● Was stationed CBI in 1944, near Calcutta. I have been trying to get in touch with my fellow classmates in the Anderson Organization in the heart of Los Angeles and class of Oct./10/42—about second, third graduating class in sheet metal and plane repair. Finally ended up CBI. Am collecting material on cooking recipes and am trying to remember the native dishes in Calcutta and Bombay and other places like Madras, Agra, and New Delhi. Does any reader have such recipes for forthcoming book "Cooking Around the World"? Would give proper credit and acknowledgment to same. Also photos of Firpo's and other restaurants in Calcutta and similar places. Would appreciate it no end.

EDWIN L. BROOKS,
9731 S. Brennan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill. 60617



WOMEN carry away debris on their heads after the headquarters building at Camp Kanchrapara, near Calcutta, India, was destroyed by fire in August 1945. Photo from J. L. Ashcraft.



OIL PAINTING commemorating the China-Burma-India Theater of World War II, presented recently by fellow members of the Tulsa Basha, CBIVA, is inspected here by Brig. Gen. Leslie W. Lane of Tulsa, Okla. With him is Mrs. John E. Schellstede, noted Tulsa artist and wife of the Tulsa Basha commander, who made the painting. General Lane, who spent 16 months in CBI and served with Merrill's Marauders, is now assistant division commander of the Army Reserve's 95th Division.

96th Signal Men?

● Can you identify the GIs in the cover picture of your July 1969 issue? They look like members of the 96th Signal Battalion in Burma, China and India early 1944 to war's end. I was a warrant officer in the 96th Signal.

EDWARD COWALL,
Columbus, Ohio

Perhaps some other reader can identify these men; unfortunately, the picture we received did not carry names.—Ed.

William A. Mathiesen

● My husband, William A. Mathiesen, passed away very suddenly in July of this year. He enjoyed EX-CBI Roundup very much, and read it from cover to cover as it came in each month. He had many friends in the CBIVA. He was a national judge advocate in the early years of the organization. He helped set up the Omaha convention in 1952, and was an

active member since he joined. He served as commander of the Chicago Basha and was judge advocate at the time of his death.

JO ANN MATHIESEN,
564 S. Kenilworth Ave.,
Elmhurst, Ill. 60126



FOUR SAMPANS carry freight on river near Paoching, China, in 1944.

Stanley T. Uno

● Stanley T. Uno, 46, first Japanese-American to join the Los Angeles Police Department, died August 6 after suffering a heart attack two months earlier. Mr. Uno, who joined the police force February 19, 1947, served with Merrill's Marauders and with British intelligence in the China-Burma-India theater during World War II. Survivors include his wife, Helen; a son, Stanley Jr.; two daughters, Riki and Helen; three brothers and four sisters.

(From an article in the Los Angeles Times, submitted by W. R. Seccombe, Canoga Park, Calif.)

Vail Reunion

● Attended my first CBIVA Reunion at Vail after all these many years, and you can bet your mosquito netting I'll never miss another!

EARL A. HARRIS JR.,
Broomall, Pa.

80th Fighter Group

● Just read a copy of your magazine . . . since I was a pilot in the 80th Fighter Group I found it very interesting.

THOMAS J. WHEELER,
Shelbyville, Ind.



STREET SCENE in Kweilin, China, with one of the city gates in background.

Service to Veterans

● As a subscriber to the magazine since WWII, I would feel derelict in failing to bring to the attention of former servicemen from the New Jersey area, the existence of the organization where I am employed as a Veterans Service Officer. The New Jersey Division of Veterans Services, is a state government division, highly recognized by the Veterans Administration as a champion for the benefits of eligible veterans and their families and headed by a former and most dedicated G.I., Director Anthony J. Volpe, located at our headquarters in Trenton, N.J., commanding itinerant offices throughout the State of New Jersey. Under his direction, these offices, manned by highly trained personnel, stand ready to assist veterans and their families in claims and services afforded by the Veterans Administration. Since this division is considered a public service, there are no fees charged for services rendered at any time. Should the need arise where assistance is needed in any phase of veterans affairs, the mailing address of Headquarters is, P.O. Box 1390, Trenton, N.J., 08625, or if you care to phone, the

numbers are (609) 292-5880-1-2-3.

EDWARD M. SIDERMAN,
Lakewood, N.J.

12th Air Service Group

● What a delightful surprise to receive the June issue of Ex-CBI Roundup. I can only assume that you sent this to me since the feature article seems to be the 12th Air Service Group. It was indeed interesting reading and brought back fond memories of my days in China.

M. J. HOLLMAN,
Johannesburg,
South Africa

SS Dorchester

● Dr. Walter H. White, chaplain-in-charge of The Chapel of Four Chaplains, located at Broad and Berks Streets in Philadelphia, has requested the Rev. Donald J. Fiedler to compile a list for the chapel. This list will consist of the names of survivors and nearest of kin to those who perished aboard the troop transport SS Dorchester, when it was torpedoed off the coast of Greenland on February 3, 1943. I have been assisting Reverend Fiedler since last year with this project; time to complete the project is fast drawing to a close. The anniversary banquet relative to the Dorchester will be held February 3, 1970. Any survivor regardless of military branch of service, nearest of kin to anyone who perished, or anyone having contact with or knowing the whereabouts of a survivor who was aboard the SS Dorchester when it was torpedoed, is requested to furnish the information to me at 1462 N. 62nd Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19151. Reverend Fiedler's brother lost his life aboard the SS Dorchester, and my father was one of the few surviving crew members. Hence our interest in the project.

MRS. THOMAS B. FLUDD,
Philadelphia, Pa.



TRUCKS of the 45th Quartermaster Truck Group approach Mile Zero on the Stilwell Road at Ledo. Photo by Abraham L. Jackson.

More Than 600 in Attendance

CBlers Meet at Vail

More than 600 persons—CBI veterans and their families—attended the 22nd annual reunion of the CBI Veterans Association August 6 through 9 at Vail, Colo.

It was a "different" type of reunion, held at a nationally-known ski resort and summer playground instead of the home city of a CBIVA Basha. This involved some problems—members of the committee in charge were from all over the United States instead of one concentrated area—but it proved that the "resort type" reunion is not only possible but highly enjoyable.

Many of those attending spent a week or more at Vail, taking advantage of the comfortable accommodations and the interesting mountain resort atmosphere. There were many activities available such as golf, hiking, horseback riding, etc.—some were content to sit and look at the mountains.

At least two members of the committee were well acquainted with Vail long before the reunion—Past Commander Bob Nesmith of Houston was one of the early developers of Vail and is owner of one of its subdivisions, Matterhorn Village, and Past National Commander Bob Doucette of Milwaukee has taken several insurance groups there for conventions and seminars.

The reunion featured a program of events for every member of the family, regardless of age—including the ladies, teenagers, and "pre-teenagers." Hospitality rooms hosted by various bashas were

again popular with the adults. Despite late hours, attendance at all business sessions was exceptionally good.

Dallas, Texas, was selected as the site for the 1971 reunion, and preliminary plans were announced for the 1970 event in Tulsa, Okla.

New national commander is Raymond W. Kirkpatrick of San Francisco, Calif., who had served during the last year as senior vice commander. He succeeds Louis W. Gwin of Percy, Ill., who will be a member of the executive committee.

Following is a complete list of the new officers, with their home addresses:

National Commander—Raymond W. Kirkpatrick, 293 Pope Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94112.

Senior Vice Commander—Howard Clager, 7599 Downing Street, Dayton, Ohio 45414.

Junior Vice Commander, Northwest—Douglas Knokey, 225 Olwell Way, Medford, Ore. 97501.

Junior Vice Commander, West—Arthur Angstenberger, 14530 E. Amar Rd., Apt. G, La Puente, Calif. 91744.

Junior Vice Commander, Southwest—Thomas J. Fox, 7811 E. Pine, Tulsa, Okla. 74115.

Junior Vice Commander, North—Raymond D. Alderson, 1397 Delhi Street, Dubuque, Iowa 52001.

Junior Vice Commander, Great Lakes—James P. Brown, 892 - 11 Mile Road, Berkley, Mich. 48072.

Junior Vice Commander, South—Irving R. Nilsen, 5924 Crittenden Drive, Cincinnati, Ohio 45244.

Junior Vice Commander, Southeast—Harold Hawk, Unit No. 67, Leisure Mobile Park, 28501 S.W. 152nd Avenue, Homestead, Fla. 33030.

Junior Vice Commander, East—Robert D. Thomas, 1021 Edison Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. 19116.

Adjutant and Finance Officer—Russell C. Kopplin, 3520 S. Logan Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. 53207.

Judge Advocate—David Dale, 7510 Brunswick, Webster Groves, Mo. 63119.

Provost Marshal—Charles W. Rose, Box 149, Route 1, Knoxville, Md. 21758.

Public Relations Officer—Benjamin Davies Jr., 2455 Amberly Street, Youngstown, Ohio 44511.

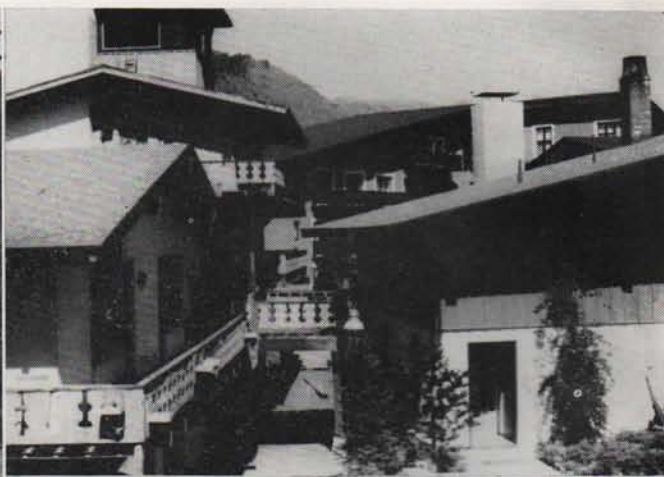
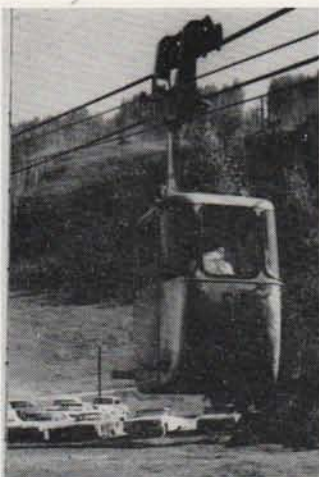
Service Officer—Edwin R. Krause, 3440 S. 11th Street, Milwaukee, Wis. 53215.

Chaplain—Father Edward R. Glavin, 156 E. Main Street, Amsterdam, N.Y. 12010.

Historian—Mrs. Pat Edwards, 1215 An-



SILHOUETTED against valley far below are the Rev. Edward Glavin, National Chaplain, with members of the San Francisco color guard and Milwaukee Highlanders during memorial service at Mid-Vail.



REUNION SHOTS 1969 CBlers in gondola car head for Mid-Vail steak fry downtown Vail from a window at the Plaza Vail Village from a gondola car Highlanders from Milwaukee alert CBlers to another business session conversation at Youngstown breakfast reunion site committee meets on hillside.

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REUNION SHOTS 1969 . . . Puja Parade this year was bigger and better than ever, as some of these pictures show. Any CBler can recognize Nesmith, Dencker and Billie Todd Lambert, but who would guess the "pleasant" looking gent with underground newspaper and plucked chicken is National Commander Kirkpatrick?

toine, Houston, Texas. 77055.

Surgeon General—Dr. J. J. Kazar, P.O. Box 277, Tchula, Miss. 39169.

Immediate Past Commander—Louis W. Gwin, P.O. Box 338, Percy, Ill. 62272.

Two Awards of Merit were presented at the Commander's Banquet which brought the reunion to a close Saturday night. The regular award went to Joseph P. Pohorsky Sr. of Milwaukee, a past national commander, and a special award to Vera Seder of Milwaukee, who has served for several years as assistant national adjutant. Both awards were citations for distinguished service to the association.

U.S. Senator Peter H. Dominic of Colorado received the 1969 Americanism Award.

This year's Puja Parade was one of the largest of all time, and received considerable attention in downtown Vail. The CBIers and their families in colorful

costumes were led in the parade by the color guard from the Gen. George W. Sliney Basha of San Francisco and the Highlanders from Milwaukee.

Father Glavin was coordinator of the 1969 reunion committee. He was assisted by Alfred Frankel of Plymouth Meeting, Pa., Bob Doucette and Bob Nesmith.

Other committee members listed were William Martienssen, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Novicky, Mr. and Mrs. James DeChristefero, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Mitchell, Bruce Frankel, Barbara Smith, Diane Doucette, Dan Doucette, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Nivert, Dick Poppe, Lester Dencker, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Nielsen, Mr. and Mrs. Russell C. Kopplin, Ray Alderson, Charles W. Rose, Neil L. Maurer, Joseph Pohorsky, Vera Seder, Gene Brauer, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Smith, Pat Edwards, and Mr. and Mrs. D. J. (Doc) Barcella. □

Lt. Gen. George E. Stratemeyer Dies

Retired Lt. Gen. George E. Stratemeyer, one of the top commanders of the CBI Theater during World War II, died August 9 at Winter Park, Fla., at the age of 78.

Born in Cincinnati, he retired in 1951 after suffering a heart attack. He had continued his interest in "things CBI," and was a regular reader of Ex-CBI Roundup until his death.

Stratemeyer graduated from West Point in 1915, in the same class as President Eisenhower, and entered the Army Signal Corps aviation section—which later became the Army Air Corps and finally the Air Force. He was a firm believer in the importance of air power in the building of a powerful military machine.

Chief of training and operations for the Air Corps just before World War II, he became executive officer to the Chief of Air Corps in April 1941. In January, 1942, he was assigned to command the Southeast Air Corps Training Center at Maxwell Field, Ala., and in June of that year became Chief of the Air Staff.

On August 5, 1943, General Stratemeyer became commanding general of the India-Burma Sector and air advisor to the commanding general of the China Burma-India Theater. On December 15, 1943, he was appointed Air Commander of the Eastern Air Command. In reorganization of the theater in November, 1944, he became commanding general of the AAF in the India-Burma theater, and in July, 1945, was appointed commander of the AAF in the China theater, with

headquarters at Chungking, and later at Shanghai.

General Stratemeyer became commander of the Air Defense Command at Mitchel Field, New York, in February, 1946. In November, 1948, he was appointed commanding general of the newly-organized Continental Air Command, with headquarters at Mitchel.

In April, 1949, General Stratemeyer became commanding general of the Far East Air Forces, with headquarters at Tokyo, Japan. He suffered a heart attack May 20, 1951, was hospitalized at Tachikawa, Japan, and on November 8 of that same year returned to the United States and went to his home at Winter Park, Fla., to await retirement. His retirement was effective January 31, 1952.

General Stratemeyer was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for acts of heroism in the early days of the Korean conflict. He also had been awarded the Distinguished Service Medal with two Clusters, Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal. His foreign decorations included the British Order of Companion of the Bath; the Chinese Special Tashou Cloud Banner and the Ho Tu Medal of the Chinese Air Force; the Polish Order of Polonia Restituta, Commander's Cross; the Yugoslavian pilot's badge and the Chinese pilot's badge, with honorary membership in the respective Air Forces.

He was rated a command pilot, combat observer, aircraft observer, and technical observer. □

Chinese Pressure on Burma

By JAMES M. MARKHAM

The Associated Press

Peking is sponsoring and arming an increasingly violent "war of liberation" in the forests of northeastern Burma bordering on China's Yunnan province, according to informed diplomatic and Burmese sources.

Gen. Ne Win's military government has imposed a total news blackout on the 20-month-old struggle, but numerous Burma army casualties in hospitals outside Rangoon and in the central hill town of Maymyo testify to fierce encounters with the Chinese-armed guerrillas.

Burma is the home of at least five endemic insurgencies—most of them revolts of non-Burmese hill peoples rather than outright Communist rebellions.

Ne Win's tough army, almost entirely an infantry force armed with old American weapons, had been on the edge of extinguishing its most serious Communist insurrection, in southern Burma, when a revolt in the northeast erupted in early 1968.

Northeastern Burma is inhabited by non-Burmese Kachins, some Burmese and a growing population of Han Chinese who are moving across the porous border and settling on Burmese territory.

The leader of the northeast insurrection is Naw Seng, a World War II veteran of the Office of Strategic Services, who deserted from the Burmese army in 1948 and went underground with many other Communists.

Himself a Kachin, Naw Seng led the unsuccessful Chinese-backed Free Kachin Movement out of Yunnan in the early 50's. There are about 450,000 Kachins in Burma, but as many as 1.5 million in Yunnan.

Said to have served briefly in the Korean War and in Vietnam in the early 'sixties, Naw Seng burst down the Shweli River Valley in early 1968 leading a sizable force of Kachins, armed with Chinese AK-47 rifles.

The force, which split into groups of several thousand each, has penetrated five to 10 miles into Burmese territory and clashed frequently with regular Burma army troops.

Diplomatic and other observers in Burma stress that Naw Seng's movement ultimately poses a smaller threat to the country itself than the blunted White Flag communist group in southern Burma, which is manned by ethnic Burmese, not hill people.

Since three-quarters of Burma's 27 million people are plains-dwelling Burmese—with little sympathy for the non-Buddhist hillsmen—the Kachin-based operation in the Shweli River Valley is in the same league with similar insurrections of disaffected minorities on the borders of neighboring Thailand.

So far the southern White Flags have made no known contact with their Kachin ideological brethren in the northeast, more than 200 miles away across government-held territory.

Unless they do, their days as an effective insurrection may be numbered, although the army may never completely eliminate them.

Communists have attempted for the last 20 years to infiltrate other long-standing rebellions of hill peoples, but without much success.

In northernmost Burma, the Kachin Independence Army, composed mainly of Baptist Kachins who want an independent state, has resisted Chinese blandishments for religious reasons—though it still makes trouble for the Burmese army.

The Karens, another heavily Christianized hill people, living along the Thia border, have been in rebellion against the government since 1949.

As their military effort lost its punch, the Karens turned to the White Flags for help, but Ne Win's soldiers have been more effective in mopping than the Communists in helping.

Altogether there are an estimated 20,000 insurgents throughout Burma. The number is considerable, but the various mutually suspicious hill peoples show no signs of presenting a united front to the government.

"Insurgent" itself is a broad term that covers a collection of bandits, smugglers, opium traders—even a determined, picturesque band of Kuomintang troops left over from World War II—as well as communists and separatists.

Much of the countryside is not the government's, but no government in Burma has ever controlled all of its nominal domain.

However, Naw Seng's movement in northeastern Burma troubles many in Rangoon, the capital, because China could escalate it considerably if it wanted to.

Whether it does or not will probably depend on events elsewhere in Asia.

For the moment China has put the pressure back on its southern neighbor.



MAP, by the Associated Press, shows where Gen. Ne Win's military government in Burma is having troubles. The Associated Press reports that Burma is the home of at least five endemic insurgencies—most of them revolts of non-Burmese hill peoples, but some with Chinese Communist backing.

Two Cultures in Pakistan

By GRANVILLE WATTS

The Associated Press

Flying over West Pakistan is like looking at photos of the moon. The land is arid, eroded, pockmarked and cries out for one thing—water.

One thousand miles away across India your plane dips down over endless paddy fields. This is East Pakistan, with too much water. The country is riddled with creeks and rivers that swell into huge floods each year as torrential rain and cyclones sweep up the Bay of Bengal.

Weather seems to determine the national character in Pakistan.

In the dry western desert regions people tend to be hard and austere. In the far north the light-skinned and proud Pathans don't look Asian at all. In the steambath of the eastern region the tiny Bengalis tend to be volatile, explosive, more emotional.

They are two different peoples, two different cultures.

According to a joke in Karachi only two things bind them together—the Islam religion and Pakistan International Airlines.

Whether East and West Pakistan can continue to function together as one nation is the big question mark of the future.

It was mainly the bloody riots in East Pakistan plus demands for full autonomy by the easterners which led to the downfall of former President Ayub Khan's 10-year regime and the imposition of martial law under the new military government of President Yahya Khan.

Yahya knows that to keep together the restless 70 million people of East Pakistan and the 50 million in the west is the toughest job facing his or any subsequent civil government.

The outcome is also of world importance. Set as it is between India and Burma, a breakaway state of East Pakistan with its largely impoverished peasants could set new problems in this area bordering Southeast Asia.

Communist China, seeking to maintain friendly relations with Pakistan, is playing a cautious game. While recognizing that conditions in East Pakistan seem ideal for revolutionary activity, Peking must do nothing overtly to encourage this.

The east's Maulana Bhashani, 86-year-old leader of the National Awami party, has twice been to Peking and is openly enthusiastic for the way the Chinese do things.

He has denied being a Communist, however, and claims all he wants is a square deal for peasants with a minimum wage of 150 rupees or \$33 a month, and a land distribution scheme on a cooperative basis.

The geographical absurdity that created one nation with two separated halves came about when the British partitioned India and Pakistan in 1947.

Millions died in a senseless slaughter as Moslems fled to Pakistan and Hindus crossed into India.

Even today, 22 years later, both countries have refugee problems, although hundreds of thousands have been rehoused and absorbed.

The great migration transformed cities. Karachi, for instance, had a population of 300,000 in 1947. Today it is a sprawling mass with 3½ million people. Its commerce is almost entirely dominated by refugees who came from India.

The history of modern Pakistan is tied up with the history of this dusty, untidy city.

Mohammed Ali Jinnah, founder of the nation, had his home here. Ex-President Ayub, a Pathan from the north, never disguised his dislike of Karachi. At the first opportunity he shifted the capital to northern Rawalpindi and began construction of an entire new capital called Islamabad nearby.

Work is still under way on the embassies and other buildings in that glittering white city beneath the Murree Hills. But there are already whispers of shifting the capital back to Karachi—"where it belongs," as one Karachite put it.

Karachi was little more than a fishing village when a Capt. Preedy and a band of 300 British soldiers took it in 1843.

Sir Charles Napier, first British governor of the region, said of the city: "Thou shalt be the glory of the East: would that I could come again to see you, Kurrachee in your grandeur."

Sir Charles would be disappointed. There is little grand or glorious about the Karachi of today. The city sprawls, much of it with an overnight-development look, amid creeks and salt flats whose aroma seems principally that of fried fish.

Sometimes a dust haze covers the city as a hot wind blows in from the Rajasthan Desert. From June the temperature soars often above 100 and even hardened Karachites try to dream up an excuse to get out of town.

The only trouble is that the city is surrounded by desert. About the only

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place to go to is the beach seven miles away. Thousands make this journey every Sunday. The Arabian Sea becomes dangerous with huge breakers in the monsoon season, but the sea breeze is still there.

Karachi looks better at night when its downtown section becomes gay with a mass of neon lights.

Like most Asian cities, trade tumbles out into the streets with scores of tiny open-fronted shops. In the lighted interiors you can see tailors making suits; people eating. Barbers operate squatting on the side walks with their customers gazing at the passing throng.

People and costumes are varied. There are tough Mekranis with dark skins and woolly hair, tall Baluchis in turbans, quicksilver Bengalis, sturdy Punjabis, Khojas who trace their ancestry to Iran, and Christians from Goa.

The modern Pakistani man wears Western-style clothes—a lightweight business suit for the office; a white shirt and slacks off duty. Few women wear Western dresses. They still prefer the graceful sari of the kameez—knee-length shirt—and shalwar, trousers. These are made with brightly colored silky materials and make a dazzling spectacle when you see a bunch of women at a wedding reception.

Upper-class weddings are always preceded by massive functions attended by thousands of guests. The biggest can cost more than \$10,000.

The holding of these ostentatious affairs was criticized when the martial law administration took over March 25, and there has been a reduction in them.

Most marriages are arranged between families. Even the most sophisticated, best educated young persons rarely go against parents' wishes.

The bride's parents are expected to give a large dowry and this can be a serious business for the less wealthy. A poor man can put himself in debt for life in order to marry off his daughters.

"God has been kind to me," said a Karachi taxi-driver who has four sons.

Women tend to stay in the background. If you go to a Pakistani home, the woman usually hovers in the next room.

A good many poorer women still wear the burqa, a traditional white tent-like gown that covers her from head to toe. As a concession she is allowed to breathe and see through a small grill.

This garb is disappearing as Pakistani women become more emancipated.

The last census in 1961 showed a female literacy rate of only 7.6 per cent compared to 23.4 per cent for males. But the percentage of girls in higher education has increased rapidly so that they

now form 30 per cent of the enrollment at the University of the Punjab in Lahore and more than 50 per cent at the University of Karachi.

Several women have represented Pakistan abroad as ambassadors and occupy key positions in central and provincial government offices.

Under the Islamic religion men are allowed up to four wives, but former President Ayub ordered eight years ago that a man could take a second wife only with the consent of the first.

The custom of multiple wives had already died out to a large extent due to sheer economic grounds.

"It's just too expensive to take another wife these days," said one Karachi businessman.

Pakistani women play hockey and basketball, and many would try their hand at the favorite national game—cricket. The English introduced that more than a century ago.

English is still widely spoken and is one of the common languages of Pakistan. It is less popular in East Pakistan, where Bengali-language fanatics recently tore down English signs from shops. You will hardly find a sign in English now in the East Pakistani capital of Dacca.

Dacca is as lushly tropical as Karachi is bone dry. Its streets are lined with mango trees, jacaranda, flame trees and acacia.

Dacca and the port of Chittagong suffer some of the worst weather in the world.

In April a tornado killed more than 1,000 persons and injured several thousand.

From July to October cyclones lash in from the sea. They have claimed many thousands of lives down the years. In 1960 a 30-foot tidal wave hit the coast with terrifying results.

Politically, the easterners claim that they have been virtually colonized by the richer western region. They say the westerners have more hospitals, more schools, and massive development schemes like projects to harness the waters of the Indus River.

"East Pakistanis are now politically aware. They know what they want and are determined to get it," was the comment of one young political leader in Dacca.

One possibility is that an East Pakistani would become leader of the nation for the first time. A likely contender for prime minister in any future elections is Sheik Mujibur Rehman, powerful leader of the Awami League party.

Rehman, 48, is right of center and would be acceptable to influential big business in the western region while enjoying a large following in East Pakistan. He is friendly with the popular West

Pakistan politician Air Marshal Asghar Khan, 47, former commander in chief of the Pakistan air force.

Another man not to be lost sight of is the former foreign minister, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto.

Bhutto, 41, gained immense popularity when Ayub jailed him during the recent political crisis. He has lost ground since but is likely to be a major contender in any election.

There was impressive industrial and agricultural development under ex-President Ayub.

Although he now stands condemned for running Pakistan as a dictatorship under which corruption and graft blossomed, Ayub's place as an early reformer is assured in the nation's history.

He started the country's family planning program despite strong criticism from orthodox Moslems, pepped up industry and set up Pakistan as an example to other underdeveloped nations.

Official statistics show an estimated growth rate of 8 per cent in the gross national product last year, an 11 per cent increase in large-scale industrial

production and a jump of 23 per cent in food grain production.

By the end of this year Pakistan hopes to be self-sufficient in food grains. It has already started exporting rice and hopes to export wheat next year. Cotton and jute exports continue to rise. Despite the progress a lot of poverty remains.

"It is estimated that about 75 per cent of the total number of households receive an income of less than 200 rupees (42) per month," says a government statement on the next 1970-75 five-year plan.

"The daily calories intake is around 2,100 per person compared to the minimum international standard of about 2,600 calories."

Although the United States has given nearly \$4 billion in aid to Pakistan, U.S.-Pakistan relations cooled at the time of the 1965 India-Pakistan war.

The Pakistanis claimed that as members of the CENTO and SEATO alliances they were entitled to arms supplies. But Washington stopped shipments to both Pakistan and India.

It was at this time that relations between Pakistan and Communist China reached a peak. □

Temples Now Compete With Taj Mahal

Detroit Free Press

Although the Taj Mahal is still the Number One tourist attraction in India, a close second are the Hindu temples of Khajuraho.

However, tourists are advised to leave the kids at home when they make their side trip to the temples, because of their "exotic" statues.

These statues reflect the fun and games played by the ruling class when Khajuraho was the flourishing capital of the Chandella kings from the 9th to the 13th century.

The men in the Chandella Kingdom finally seemed too busy being lovers and forgot how to be fighters, because Khajuraho fell to the Moslem invaders.

The invaders were so shocked by the "decadence" of Chandella society that they destroyed almost all the temples. Fortunately for the tourist trade, some of the better survived.

Until recently, Khajuraho was a difficult place to reach but now Indian Airlines makes a weekly trip from New Delhi that takes only two hours and brings tourists back the same day.

The largest group of tourists are Americans, who carry cameras and a large supply of color film. Middle-aged amateur photographers will risk a coronary to take pictures of the more sexy statues,

which are in difficult places to reach, rather than buy the same picture from a nearby stand.

Serious scholars have made a study of the Khajuraho sculptures, which have been called "rioting figures of love and lust," to find out what kind of civilization produced them.

Sigmund Freud himself, on seeing pictures of the statues, observed: "Erotic fantasies may be common to all people, but they don't spend years carving them out in minute detail."

The answer seems to be that these provocative statues represented part of a religion in which sexual indulgence could lead to heaven. This religion is a planet apart from India's moral outlook today. Kissing is not allowed in Indian-made films and Playboy Magazine is banned.

Yet pictures of the most erotic statues at Khajuraho, which got Ralph Ginzburg into trouble when he published them in "Eros," are openly sold in India.

Recently an Indian publisher ran a photo of Film Starlet Pamela Tiffin in a brief, but not too sensational costume in his magazine. He was arrested and tried for publishing pornography in his magazine. However, he could have run a picture of any statue in the Khajuraho temples because they are "cultural." □



From The Statesman

DURGAPUR—More than 5,000 people were down with influenza at one time in this industrial town. Some of the offices were functioning with a third of their staff, and a number of deaths were reported.

CALCUTTA—The Up Kalyani passenger train ploughed through a procession at a place between Shyamnagar and Kankinarrah about 13 miles from Calcutta. Two persons were instantly killed and one injured. The processionists were returning home after immersing an image of Goddess Saraswati in the Ganga.

BOMBAY—Customs officials with the help of police seized about 37,000 tolas of gold valued at about Rs 75 lakhs from the garage of a residential building in south Bombay. They also unearthed 450 contraband wrist watches and three cars in which the gold was said to have been transported. The gold, which had foreign markings was found in 37 jackets, each weighing 2,000 tolas.

NEW DELHI—Emigration, mainly to Israel, is drawing the final curtain on the 1,900-year-old Jewish community of Cochin in the Indian state of Kerala. There are now only 350 Jews left of the community which dates its settlement in India from the time of the destruction of the temple in Jerusalem by Rome. Elders of the community recently petitioned Indian authorities for permission to transfer its assets—holy scrolls, books, liturgical objects, synagogue fixtures and religious ornaments—to Israel. The petition noted that the transfer would permit the Cochin Jews to continue living as a community in Israel.

JAMMU—Members of six Hindu families living in Pakistan were taken into custody by the police while they were trying to cross over to India in the Ramgarh area of Kathua district. They had decided to leave their homes, they said, because "they were being treated worse than slaves and were compelled to do forced labour." "Our routine activities were under strict surveillance ever since the India-Pakistan conflict and we request the police not to push us back into Pakistan". The families, whose main occupation was carpentry, belong to Skakargah Tehsil in Sailkot district of West Pakistan.

GAUHATI—Lions in the zoo here were found recently feasting on the corpse of a young boy in their open-air enclosure. The body was identified as that of a 13-year-old student. There are two lions in the enclosure, an African male and his Indian mate.

MADRAS—Five million people in the country have so far undergone sterilization, two million have had IUCD loops inserted and one million have taken to the pill, it has been reported by Dr. S. Chandrasekhar, Union Minister of State for Planning and Health.

BARILLY—Thirty-one people, including 20 pilgrims, were burned to death when the bus in which they were travelling turned turtle and caught fire near Usawan, which is in the remote interior on the border of Budaun and Shajehanpur districts. The pilgrims were enroute to Kalan.

BANGALORE—Fresh orders worth Rs 20 lakhs for the export of enamelled copper wires to Australia, New Zealand, Thailand, Hongkong, Singapore, Malaysia and Ceylon have been secured by the Deepak Insulated Cable Corporation, a private firm in which the Mysore State Government holds shares. The company, which went into production in 1966 with Japanese technical collaboration, had earlier secured export orders worth Rs 20 lakhs of cables.

BHUBONESCOAR—One in every two households in Orissa would be found to be living below the poverty line, if such a line is defined as monthly expenditure not exceeding Rs 50 per householder. Disclosing this before the Fifth Finance Commission, the Chief Minister of Orissa, Mr. R. N. Singh Deo, has pleaded that imbalances in the finances of the relatively weaker states, like Orissa, should be set right through an appropriate scheme of development and grants in order for them to undertake adequate programmes of development and welfare.

CALCUTTA—A reporter was hoping to write an article for a foreign paper and was collecting general opinions at a bus stop during the rush hour by asking various people "What do you think of the forthcoming elections?" A sample of the answers: "Mind your own business"; "I'm not voting. My name is not registered"; "Election? Yes, when is it?"; "To which party do you belong?"; "What election? I have not seen any processions"; "I have not decided yet. Do you think I should vote for the United Front or will the Congress be better for business?" "Why?"; "I have been invited to a picnic on that day, so I will not have the time to vote".

Battle-Line Delivery

By ALICE ROGERS HAGER

Skyways Magazine, May 1945

TENTH AIR FORCE HEADQUARTERS, BURMA—When the first wheels of a homely little column of jeeps and trucks rolled onto the red soil of Yunnan province in China a few weeks ago, the boys of the Second Troop Carrier Command here in Burma heaved a great and gusty sigh of relief. It was both an end and a beginning—the end of a Herculean labor by Americans for which the Second TCC had supplied the tools, and the beginning of a new hope for a hard-pressed China. The Stilwell Road was open at last.

Much was made by correspondents accompanying the caravan of the absence of the principal actor—famous “Vinegar Joe.” But nothing was said of the “Knights with a Thousand Flying Hours” who had made the whole show possible. Stilwell himself had paid the Troop Carrier Command its greatest tribute: “You may think,” he told them, “that because we have said nothing concerning your supplydropping operations that we do not realize the fine and vital job you have done in supplying the Allied Forces in North Burma. We owe a great deal of the credit for the success of the campaign to the efforts of Troop Carriers. Many days we would look overhead and see bad weather closing us off. We would say, ‘Well, they won’t be able to get in today,’ and then we’d hear the drone of your engines and there the supplies would be. On numerous occasions we would be in a terrific scrap on the ground and just above our heads would be your airplanes dumping us ammunition—paying no heed to the battle below but doing your vital job . . . and doing it well.”

General Stilwell had not added that many of these TCC boys never came back from their “non combat” runs—and that those who did nearly always had Jap machine gun and rifle bullet holes in their ships. They had to fly low to make the drops on the targets, where our troops could get them instead of the enemy a few yards away, so low that frequently they came back with leaves from the jungle caught in their tail surfaces. Much of the importance of the operation in northern Burma has been lost sight of in the public’s overwhelming interest in the war in Europe. At the time it began, early in 1944, every-

one at home was anticipating the invasion of France or watching the new surge of our naval power in the Pacific. Burma was a forgotten sideshow. But many vital issues hinged on that fighting taking place in the muddy, leech-filled jungles of the little wedge of land between India and China.

The first issue was the threat of Japanese invasion of India, although the clock was a year late on the promised junction of Axis forces from east and west. North Africa had ended the German threat to cut all Allied supply routes to the Far East, but India was the only remaining base left to the British and Americans and the only source of the lifeline to barricaded China.

The second issue was the need for freeing the Hump route from continuous attack by Jap fighter planes and thus to give our transports a chance to fly at lower and safer levels. In order to do this, it was necessary to drive the Japs out of the Fort Hertz and Hukwang valleys and retake the town of Myitkyina, principal northern airbase for the enemy.

The third was to push through the new Ledo Road until it made contact with the old Burma Road at Wanting, thereby reopening the ground route for supplies to China. Keeping China in the war depended on getting supplies to her through this back door until the Navy could fight its way in from the Pacific side and capture a coastal port for major operations.

In the whole history of warfare, the campaign in north Burma is the only one which was planned exclusively on the basis of supply from the air. The Second Troop Carrier Command, on which the burden of supply was to fall, was already a veteran with months of successful flying of the Hump behind it. During the latter part of 1943, with only 10 per cent of the planes in use, it had delivered 60 per cent of the tonnage flown into Kunming. In spite of terrific weather, altitudes above the normal ceilings of their C-47’s and constant attacks, the Second TCC had not lost a ship.

It had pioneered in the drop technique, working with a group of “kickers” to get the cargo out of the planes at low altitudes. The “kickers,” originally truck drivers of the Quartermaster Corps, became the first Flying Quartermaster outfit in existence. They worked out the packing of the supplies, devised

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

the containers in which these supplies were dropped, made the parachutes and then went along to deliver them.

The technique of dropping supplies, developed entirely by the Second TCC unit, is calculated to the Nth degree of precision and timing. The planes, their speed cut to 100 mph—almost the stalling point, go in at around 150 to 200 feet over the target, which is marked by white panels on the ground. The kickers, three husky non-coms, pile the great bags of rice or other cargo in the open doorway at the side of the ship. Two of the men stand by the door, one on each side and each grasping a cross bar with one hand and bracing the other shoulder and hand against the cargo. The third lies flat on his back on the floor, his hands wrapped tightly about a brace over his head. His knees are flexed and his feet planted squarely in the center of the pile. As the plane circles, the copilot, allowing for drift and angle of fall, watches intently for that split second when they will be directly above the drop zone (Dzed).

The kickers wait tensely, eyes glued to him for the signal. His lifted hand falls; the two men in the door shove outward with hands and shoulders at the same instant the man on the floor kicks. As the cargo goes hurtling into space, the three swing into instant action, dragging more bales or boxes forward and piling them expertly for the next drop. If these are to be parachuted, the rip cords of the chutes are gathered together and attached simultaneously to a single static line. The kicker throws himself down again, grasps his bar and plants his feet; the two pushers take their stance; and at the signal the next load goes plummeting down, this time with varicolored chutes billowing out just below the ship's belly. Over and over again the process is repeated, the pilot swinging the plane slowly and steadily around on its circle while the crew works with the swift movements of automatons to get another load ready to go out. An average load of 7,000 lbs. can be cleared in five or six drops. But what that slow circling can mean when there are enemy troops below or enemy planes attacking can be imagined. The kickers are exposed to snipers' fire in their open doorway, and more than one had been killed or wounded by a sniper's bullet. They cannot wear parachutes and still do their job with the necessary speed. Not a few boys, snagged by the snap of the rip cords as the cargo hurtled out, have gone down with it.

There are still a few more hazards to worry about. An engine may conk out; the delicate balance of the ship may be disturbed at the moment of the drop,

and a rice bag or parachute may sweep backwards and catch on the tail. At best, it may mean a lost aileron or rudder; at the worst, a lost plane. Over and beyond this, there is always the weather. During the wet monsoon, the rains pour down with the intensity of a cloud burst. This season lasts from March till October. The dry monsoon is almost as bad as the wet. In a dry monsoon there is fog that rivals the peasoupers of London. In other parts of the world, certain cloud formations can be expected, and it is possible to anticipate what they will do. Not so in Burma—here it is routine to have every known variety of weather jammed into one pocketful of sky, everything from downy puffs of cumulus to castle clouds that cascade up and up into the stratosphere.

Neither flight instruments nor maps can be trusted too much. The mineralization in the mountains does not affect the radio compass by more than ten to fifteen degrees, but the sudden tropical thunderstorms swing it to 180 degrees in a few seconds. Second Troop pilots always prefer to get down as low as possible and spot check points whenever there is a break in the undercast, a procedure which demands familiarity with every shack and clearing on their run.

This is the background of the conditions under which the Command worked during the north Burma campaign. In one month, with fourteen C-47's in commission, they hauled 322,958 lbs. of food, supplies and ammunition into the Fort Hertz and Hukwang valleys, and then proudly—justifiably so—tagged themselves "First with the Most." Twelve officers and men were recommended for twenty-five decorations. The next month they unloaded over 6,000,000 lbs. Jap ground fire was very heavy, but skillful piloting and the remarkable work of the ground crews took the ships through without a single casualty and with practically every ship in the air. On one day, two pack Howitzers and over 400 rounds of ammunition were dropped to General Merrill's Galahad Forces. The guns went down on chutes at 8:30 in the morning and were in action by two o'clock that afternoon.

As the Galahadians mopped up in Hukwang and moved on into the Moguang valley, emergency situations were constantly developing. One night word came through that they were surrounded at Wollabam—Japs behind them, Japs on their flanks in the jungle and in front of them across the river. It was the enemy across the river that interested them most. They discovered that by yelling insults directed at Emperor Hirohito, they could make the Japs so

mad that they would pop out of their foxholes to answer. Then they could be knocked off. The Marauders used up so much ammunition in this pleasant little game that they wouldn't be able to last out the night. A hurry call for help was radioed. The call came into Second Troop headquarters in Assam at 12:30 AM, and by 12:50 every man and plane was ready to go. The Quartermaster hadn't expected the TCC to get set so fast and so ammunition wasn't delivered until 1:30. However, by two o'clock the loaded planes had taken off. At three they were over the target and had started dropping. The Marauders gathered up the supplies, and the teamwork went on until the thoroughly roused Japs managed to set up a murderous crossfire over the drop area. A regretful radio told the planes to stop, and the TCC went home feeling they had failed their pals. A few days later they learned that the reverse was true—so much ammunition had reached Merrill's men that they had not only been saved, but had fought their way out of the trap.

The climax of the campaign came with capture of the Myitkyina airstrip. According to Stilwell's plan, the airstrip's clearance was an immediate signal for the entire Command to start pouring in troops, ammunition and supplies to consolidate and pave the way for operations against the town and the surrounding areas. Orders were that, regardless of the time involved or the additional strain on the men, all available aircraft were to be made ready for the move. Ground troops were alerted in the rear echelon; a special radio monitoring system was set up, and General Old, in charge of gliders, and other officers reported to a base in Burma to coordinate the show. All arrangements were made for twenty-four-hour operation, with the men fed on the line and cots in the Operations and Engineering offices for the flight crews. The Troop and glider pilots assigned to them were briefed and put on a forty-eight-hour alert.

Then the signal came for the attack. Second Troop's operations' room became the nerve center of the show, and three planes took off within twenty minutes. Lieutenant Roy J. Mack, of Chicago, who had been delivering over the drop zone when the signal came, received a call from the Marauders telling him to land on the strip. All the pilots had been warned against doing this until the engineers had been landed in the gliders and the field checked for mines. So Mack called back to ask if it were really all right. The ground forces replied that it was. He came in and landed, hoping against hope that he had picked the end which was free of Japs.

His ship had no sooner stopped rolling than enemy machine guns opened up on him from both sides. He and his crew left in a hurry and managed to slide into the heavy grass beside the strip. Later, when the plane was checked, it was found to have over 200 bullet holes in it!

In spite of Lieutenant Mack's experience, three other pilots came in for landings a few minutes later, followed by the gliders carrying the engineers, with General Old in the first. Thirteen more missions, with anti-aircraft, Chinese troops and supplies, were flown in that night. For three days and nights the shuttle continued. The flight surgeon kept the pilots awake with Benzedrine pills; nobody stopped for anything but hastily snatched coffee and food. When they had finished, all Galahad's urgent needs had been met, and Lieutenant Colonel Gordon Seagrave's hospital unit had been flown in. A "foxhole" control tower, which had been set up the first day, continued clearing the ships in and out. Throughout the action, the Japs had enfiladed the field from their positions around the perimeter; their artillery shelled it at regular intervals and the Zeros came over like angry hornets all too frequently. There were a lot of C-47's smashed up or shot up, but the ground forces simply dragged them out of the way while the others coming in through the mud, tried to steer between the bomb craters.

In the days that followed the Troop flew in everything that was asked for, from the complete heavy equipment for an aviation engineer's battalion (which had to be cut up with acetylene torches and rewelded on the ground) to the 155-mm. howitzer which General Stilwell requisitioned. In both these cases, they represented other firsts for the Troop. Such ponderous equipment had never been carried by plane before.

On return trips they flew out the wounded, not a new assignment—thousands of men had been flown to safety by their planes.

To the Troop, the fall of Myitkyina meant simply that they moved on in the wake of the fighting. They delivered an entire British division and its supplies into the front lines. It had become a routine operation. But no matter how heavy the battles ahead might be, Myitkyina would stand in the Troop records as the high point. Their fellow ATC pilots, flying the Hump, could now make their crossings at around 10,000 feet instead of taking the high road at 25,000. The Zeros no longer dared venture that far north, and the weather was the only worry left. Even more important, work on the Ledo Road could push on past

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Myitkyina at a rapid rate. The Second Troop boys had their own ideas about the worth of their operation and were pretty burned up over ATC's getting a Distinguished Unit Citation for the Hump run and about Colonel Phil Cochran's acclaim for his Air Commando job (for which they had also acted as chauffeurs) while they plodded along, unhonored and unsung. They had plenty of Air Medals and DFC's and more and more of their number were qualifying for the "Thousand Hour" fraternity, but that was merely routine.

They gloried in a few incidents in their variegated history, however, such as the time when Lieutenant Charles B. Lawton greased over the top of a ridge to get away from a Zero. The Jap was so sure of his prey that he was flying carelessly, with the result that he hit the top of the ridge and exploded. The Troop got "one enemy plane confirmed" for that job and really preened itself. They also got their own back a couple of other times in a way that took the curse of just being "biscuit bombers." While Myitkyina was still in enemy hands, Lieutenants Ralph Ilmanen, George Laben, and Abe Saluk and T/Sergeant Bill Kammerling, coming back from a night mission, laid a stick of 100-lb. bombs on the airstrip. Sometime later, Major Allen L. Dickey and his crew paid a similar attention to the sleeping city of Mandalay, and Lieutenant Felix Lake, in the midst of a drop pattern, got annoyed at the Jap snipers and tossed out some hand grenades at them.

Their Squadron Scrap Book is full of names and incidents that will be legend as long as there is a Troop Carrier Command: names like those of Captain Ferde A. "Black" Larsen of Mead, Nebraska, operations officer and first to pioneer on different jobs from the time they left the States in January, 1943, until he was shot down by eighteen Zeros a year later; or that of the fabulous "Maggie," Lieutenant Kenneth Magee, he of the thunderous laughter, drinking friend of the Rajah of Cooch Behar, conversational acquaintance of every airman in the CBI Theatre, arch enemy of the tower operator of one airport in China, and a favored client of Margo's. One of his high points was a hunting trip with the high chief of a Burma hill tribe. He gave the chief a can of corned willie and a pair of GI underwear; and in return, to Maggie's embarrassment, the chief presented him with two of the royal daughters. They finally compromised on a spear, a shield and a hat, genus unknown.

There must be a special Valhalla for the biscuit bombers, the non combatants,

where they will have to take a back seat to no one, not even to the boys who shove the B-29's across the "live" targets. The Second Troop cherishes its own pride now when it sees the trucks crawling to China along the Stilwell Road, but in some of its gloomier moments it still sings the Squadron Song:

The Second hauls no bombs
To cause the enemy grief.
You'll hear us yell, not "Bombs
away!"

But "There goes a load of beef!"
Raise your glasses high, boys,
Raise your glasses high.
This war may last forever,
So raise your glasses high! □

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The Ladies of Assam

BY SGT. BOB GHIO

From YANK, Sept. 13, 1943

ASSAM—Back in the States an Army nurse was merely a pretty girl on a poster, with a starched and immaculate white uniform, a becoming cape and a sweet and merciful expression on her face. Here in the jungle camps of Eastern India, where the monsoons bring 150 to 300 inches of rainfall annually (and most of that in six months), she has neither the time nor the inclination to pretty herself or to act like Florence Nightingale. She's just another GI.

If she brought pretty dresses with her, she's since cut them up to decorate her bamboo basha or she's stored them away. Fashion to her now means fatigue clothes, a raincoat, rubber boots and a pith helmet. Cosmetics are plain soap and hard water. A dinner date means another GI mess, eaten from a messkit in the company of the other nurses.

Living quarters for the Assam nurses are made of bamboo, even to the floors. Old crates make desks and dressing tables. When the heavy rains leak through the basha roofs, shelter halves are stretched over the bunks as individual roofs. Incidental equipment — mirrors, foot lockers, cooking utensils — come from nearby bazaars, where purchasing is done chiefly in sign language.

An indispensable part of their furniture is a mosquito net which, with generous sprinklings of Flit, is one of their only protections against malaria. Of the Flit, one of the nurses says, "We used to cover ourselves with perfume to draw the men around; now it's Flit to keep from drawing mosquitoes. Perfume is a wonderful thing!"

During their leisure hours, which are few and far between, they like to go swimming, hiking or picnicking (weather permitting). They all have the usual feminine interest in rumor-swapping and bull-shooting and they show a remarkable military talent in the soldierly art of griping. Their biggest gripes are the rain, the mud, the lack of entertainment and the fact that the rounded tops of GI helmets prohibit them from being used to heat water on the stoves. They also have a phonograph, of which they say, "We don't know what we'd do without it."

Fishing in nearby streams is a favorite sport. The jungle streams are known for their big fish and their big fish stories. There's a story circulating now

about a catch that was so big that it pulled not only hook, line and sinker, but the nurse as well, into the stream. By accident, her seven-foot pole was lodged crosswise in the fish's mouth and the nurse thus escaped being swallowed alive. This story, however, has not been officially confirmed.

Jaunts into small native villages provide some diversion, as well as household equipment of a sort, belts, handkerchiefs, tablecloths and gifts to send back home. Unless the nurses can thumb a ride on a GI truck or a bullock-cart, they walk. And in Assam, walking almost means swimming through knee-deep mud.

Another pastime, which they don't particularly like to talk about, is provided by ants, scorpions and snakes. When a snake finds its way through the bamboo walls of a basha and is discovered, you can hear the commotion for two miles against the wind. The nurses don't climb chairs, though. After the attack is repelled and the late lamented snake is displayed by its feminine killer, she invariably claims it to be the biggest catch of the week.

They do their own washing, and every day is wash day. The heavy garments, such as fatigue clothes, they take to nearby streams. Light undies and the like — if they're lucky enough to have them — are done in small improvised washstands outside their huts. After they wash the clothes, they fold the creases in, wet, and hang them out to dry. Irons here are as scarce as permanent waves.

They lead a tough and rugged life, the nurses of Assam. But they don't grumble about it. And the Army sure as hell doesn't grumble about having them there. They're as fine a bunch of GI's as you can find anywhere. □

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Book Reviews



MAO TSETUNG. By Robert Payne. Weybright and Talley. May 1969. \$10.00.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK. By Robert Payne. Weybright and Talley. May 1969. \$10.00.

Two separate books by the same author, published at the same time, one dealing with the life of the Communist leader and the other with the man who welded the Kuomintang into a fighting force in World War II. Both are well written and interesting, but there seems little doubt that the author favors Mao over Chiang. He also bears down hard on the issue of American aid to the Nationalists, faulting American policy in some detail. Maps, photographs, bibliography and index supplement both books.

THE WAR IN THE AIR: The Royal Air Force in World War II. Edited by Gavin Lyall. William Morrow & Co., New York, N.Y. April 1969. \$7.95.

An exciting collection of tales of aerial derring-do and wartime combat, edited by a man known for his novels of suspense and adventure. Stories range from the Battle of Britain and the bombing of Europe, to the Desert War and Singapore. Lyall has chosen vivid accounts by British pilots who knew how to write.

THE COFFER DAMS. By Kamala Markandaya. The John Day Company, New York, N.Y. June 1969. \$6.50.

A novel by a well-known Indian author about the building of a great dam in post-imperial India, with Englishmen running the project and Indians doing the manual work. A disastrous accident and early arrival of the torrential monsoon threaten the project and tear at the fragile web of human relationships.

TO CHANGE CHINA: Western Advisers in China, 1620-1960. By Jonathan Spencer. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. May 1969. \$7.95.

Countless Western adventurers have tried to change China during the past three centuries; in this book, Spence tells the stories of 16 self-convinced conquerors who were among the most vivid and remarkable. His book begins with a Jesuit missionary, Adam Schall, who in 1644 predicted a solar eclipse with greater accuracy than Chinese charts; it ends with the thousands of Soviet technicians in China whose work convinced Mao that "the Western adviser was no longer needed."

THE PLEASURES OF CHINESE COOKING. By Grace Zia Ghu. Pocket Books, Inc., New York, N.Y. May 1969. Paperback, 75c.

Explicit in its step-by-step directions, this Chinese cookbook is easy to follow. There are plenty of suggestions here for budget-minded housekeepers.

AMERICA AND EAST ASIA. By Richard Harris. George Braziller, Inc., New York, N.Y. April 1969. \$3.50. Paper, \$2.45.

The author, the London Times' Asian correspondent, is extremely critical of the United States in this book. He documents what he considers our "disastrous" involvement with China, a 3,000-year-old "parent culture" whose offshoots are the almost equally ancient cultures of Korea, Burma, Thailand, Vietnam, etc. Harris rejects the "domino theory," says we miss the basic point that Communism in Asia "runs in grooves made by Confucianism."

THE SINO-VARIANT. By Allison Ind. David McKay & Co., Inc., New York, N.Y. May 1969. \$5.95.

A mystery and suspense story in which J. Cornelius Craig pursues the mastermind behind a Chinese plot to conquer the world. Elements in the plot are the most advanced weapons, including missiles that can destroy whole populations with deadly germs, or concentrate on one individual.

RED BALL IN THE SKY. By Charles F. Blair. Random House, Inc., New York, N.Y. May 1969. \$5.95.

The author, a professional pilot who rose to the rank of brigadier general in the Strategic Air Command, gives excellent descriptions of his early experiences as a flier and tells of the men he knew, fellow pilots who shared his enthusiasm for flying under that "red ball in the sky," the sun. He also tells about his career in SAC, and warns of the menace of Red China.

THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION IN CHINA. By John Robinson. Penguin Books, Inc., Baltimore, Md. Paperback \$1.25.

The author, a professor of economics at Cambridge University in England, went to China in 1967 with the express purpose of checking on the Chinese "cultural revolution" which had erupted in the fall of 1966. This is her report. Her introduction orients the reader to Marxist thinking and interprets some of the jargon of Peking propaganda. In documentary chapters she presents Mao's "Sixteen Points," setting forth the aims of the revolution; an account of events written by a highly placed committee member in Shanghai; and a number of excerpts from manifestos and party journals.



Commander's Message

by

Raymond W. Kirkpatrick

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Salaams:

"Hurry back, CBIsers." In bold black type so ends the "Vail Trail's" gratifying story of our outstanding 1969 reunion. That simple, laconic line tells of the Vail villagers' viewpoint of our reunionist. Our own version will be told a thousand times over. That task I will leave to others.

Once again, it has been proven that the CBI Theater did produce a very special breed of veteran. He knows how to run his organization in a true fraternal spirit of good fellowship and good clean fun for the entire family. That is something this world could use a lot more of today. It is something that so many others have simply lost somewhere along the way.

We can be proud of the splendid decorum of our reunionist year after year. "One of the nicest groups that it has ever been Vail's privilege to host" is the lead line in the "Vail Trail's" CBIVA Reunion story.

Surely time will prove the 1969 reunion to be among the CBIVA's finest hours.

Now let us move on to building an even better organization.

Names and home addresses for your new national officers can be found in other columns. If you are interested in seeking information regarding CBIVA please contact the nearest officer to your own home address.

As nearly as possible we have divided the states into areas so that each section of the country will contribute an equal share in the administration of our af-

fairs.

Once again the budget-finance committee is headed by Fr. Edward Glavin who is always able to report that we are financially solvent although working on the thinnest possible margin.

Ben Davies again edits the "Soundoff". This is a special appeal asking that you get the CBIVA and basha activities stories in to Ben at the earliest possible time. In turn you will receive the "Soundoff" that much quicker.

The membership committee chairman is Senior Vice Commander Howard Clager. There is a great potential for both new members and bashas growing in numbers during the coming year. New bashas are in prospect for Texas, Connecticut, Washington State, Denver, Los Angeles and two in the Orient.

Diane Edwards of Houston, Texas, is serving as youth group chairman. That job is in good hands.

Louis Poudre, organizer and first commander of our new Far East Basha in Bangkok, Thailand, plans to attend our fall board meeting in Milwaukee November 1, 1969. Louis is a real booster for CBIVA. Your attendance at the board meetings are welcome and your suggestions appreciated.

In the meantime start saving your small change and trading stamps for the journey to Tulsa. Under the able direction of Bill Dorman, Tom Fox, George Norvell and the good folks of the Tulsa Basha we are really going to have something to celebrate down there as those dates will closely coincide with the 25th anniversary of V-J Day. Or can you recall what a grand feeling that day created when you were confined to some old jungle mud hole 25 years ago?

Once again, on behalf of the General Geo. W. Sliney Basha of San Francisco, Mary and myself, may I say, "Thank You Vail".

RAY KIRKPATRICK,
National Commander

**Tell All Your
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EX-CBI ROUNDUP

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BUILDINGS used by the 396th Service Squadron, 12th Air Service Group, at Yang Tong Field, Kweilin, China. Photo by Arthur DeMolay.

Camp Kanchrapara

● Enjoyed very much the photos and map of Camp Kanchrapara submitted by Jim Ashcraft (July 1969 issue). Hope he has many more to send in as they bring back memories of the days spent there waiting to return to the US. I can well recall the days spent sweating out the PX line to get our ration of warm beer. If any former 327th Harbor Craft Company wallahs are still subscribers to Roundup let's hear from them with some letters about the old days at King George Docks and Camp Togoa, Calcutta.

H. B. GORMAN,
Twain Harte, Calif.

More Obits

● Received the June Roundup at the new address and as usual found it full of interesting information about the old theater. The only bits of news that I find rather depressing are the ever increasing obituary notices telling of the passing of another Ex-CBI'er. It seems that with each issue we find more subscribers or former theater members have left us. It makes you stop and realize that quite a lot of water has gone under the bridge since the old days in

CBI and that we are all of us just a little older, if not wiser. I'm hoping more and more CBIers will send letters to Roundup in the months ahead.

HOWARD GORMAN,
Twain Harte, Calif.

Clarence G. Adams

● Please cancel the subscription of Lt. Col. Duke (Clarence G.) Adams of Mercer Island, Wash., as he has passed away. He is now buried in Arlington Cemetery. His poem on Viet Nam was printed in the July 1969 issue of your magazine.

LORRAINE REESE
Mercer Island, Wash.

Hills of Assam

● Linni and I have just returned from a visit to England where we spent several days with Marie and Cyril Hill. How many of you readers were guests at their Tea Plantation Bungalow near Moran Air Base in Assam? Their guest book has pages and pages of names, too numerous and out of date to contact now, but they sure would like to hear from you who they entertained so freely during the war. Their memories of those times are good ones and we had a great time there talking over the "war." We want them to visit the states at long last—they are over 70 and in good health. An invitation to visit several homes here would certainly make their decision easier. General Cranston, you are in the book. Also Hugh Cavaner, Jack Warren, and Willie Karp from Dikom QM Subsistence. Cyril is double retired now. After 27 years as a tea planter he became a British civil servant. They have a lovely home on the "White Cliffs of Dover" — near Dover. Write them, you wartime friends, and invite them over. Address: 18 Waldron Road, Broadstairs, Kent, England.

ROBERT S. FIELD,
Cherry Hill, N.J.



CAMP AREA of Company C, 45th Quartermaster Truck Group, along the Ledo Road. Photo by Abraham L. Jackson.

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